

THE LITTLE UNITY.

~* TENDER, ~* TRUSTY ~* AND ~* TRUE. ~*

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HERE AND NOW.

"We do not need with far-sent eyes
To search throughout the world and skies;
With truer eyes for every day
There's beauty all along the way."

THE POD-LIKE WILLOW GALL.

CORA H. CLARKE.

In winter, when the slender twigs of the willow stand bare of leaves it is easy to discern the swellings and bulgings which indicate the snug little dwellings of various gall insects.

The "Pod-like willow gall" deserves to be mentioned first, because the perfect insect, more liberal-minded than most other gall insects, condescends to lay its eggs on several species of its food plant. These galls have been found on no less than six species of willow, though slight differences, particularly in size, may be noticed between those growing on different species of willow. The gall is solitary, one-chambered, oval and woody, half an inch to an inch long, and one fifth to one third of an inch in diameter. It is at the end of a twig when it first begins to form, but those which I find in the winter appear situated at the forking of a branch, two of the buds which were on the gall having developed into twigs several inches long. The gall tapers at its apex to a short blunt beak, which is evidently an alteration of the terminal bud. When these galls grow on the long-beaked willow, a species which has soft silky leaves, the terminal beak is apt to be recurved or bent over.

By carefully cutting away slices from the side of this gall, we can see the long narrow internal cell, extending into the hollow tube of the terminal beak. The pupa makes its exit through this passage-way, forcing its body half way out of it, and in that situation transforming to the perfect insect. Sometimes it is careless, and falls entirely out. The larva spends the winter in the gall. He is a famous great fellow—by which I mean that he is larger than any other gall-gnat larva that I have as yet seen, and I read that the fly into which he turns is one of the largest of our gall-gnats. The larva is also very brilliant in color, being, I should say, the hue of the interior of a blood-orange. Although he spends the winter in his gall, when I opened sixteen galls on December 6th, I only found larvæ in two of them. I wonder what had become of the tenants of the fourteen empty galls!

ONE STICK AT A TIME.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood before our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me. "Your father had better do as my father does—hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says; and it will take the whole of Wednesday after-

noon. You will have no time for play. Now, Will, I would not do that, I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk, as we stood before the wood-pile; and, the more he said, the higher it grew. By the time he left me, I began to think myself a poorly-used boy, indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"

"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but said nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months; and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low.

"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.

"So much the better for us, Willie," said mother cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from the adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure; the girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful wood-pile." I am afraid my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant table-talk.

"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said coldly. "The boys are going nutting."

I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"

"Ah!" said my mother, sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"

Tears came into her eyes. She stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I, half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the back door.

Still, Ned Blake's words rankled in me, and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west wind blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat down on the wood-block with my hands in my pockets, and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile," I said to myself a dozen times.

Presently out came mother. I jumped up.

"Willie," she said cheerfully, "I would go to work in earnest. You will soon get it in."

"It is so monstrous, mother," I said in a self-pitying tone. "It will take me forever, and half kill me in the bargain."

"Forever is a long, long while," she said. "Come, let us look at the pile. It is big, but all you have to do is to take

a stick at a time. That will not hurt you, Willie, I am sure,—*only one stick at a time*; yet one stick at a time will make that pile vanish quicker than you think for, Willie. Try it, now."

There was a kindness and yet a decision in my mother's tones which were irresistible. She could put even hard things, or what we thought hard, in a very achievable light.

"Only one stick at a time!" I cried, jumping up and following her. Really, the pile seemed already to lessen under this new mode of attack. "Only one stick at a time! What need of a man to do that? One stick at a time! If Ned Blake could not do that, he was a poor tool."

Ah! and a poor tool he proved to be. My mother had got my mettle up, and I boldly went to work.

"Father," said I, bolting into the house at a later hour in the afternoon, all in a glow, "please tell me what time it is?"

"Eight minutes after three," answered he, looking at his watch.

"Whew!" I shouted, "and the pile is mastered!"

Never did I feel such a strong and joyous sense of the power of doing. Finding mother, I put my arms around her neck, and said, "Mother, I was a naughty boy, but 'one stick at a time' has cured me."

I did not then know the full value of the lesson I had learned. Years of labor—successful labor—have since tested and amply proved its value. When your work looks insurmountable and you seem to have no heart to take hold of it, as work many a time will, remember it is *only one stick at a time*, and go at it.—*Boston Home Journal*.

COMPASS PLANT.

SILPHIUM LACINIATUM.

This is by no means "a little plant away on the prairies of Texas," as a recent number of *LITTLE UNITY* inferred, but a stout, rough, bristly plant, from three to six feet high, found on the prairies from "Michigan and Wisconsin, thence southward and westward;" the leaves of which, not the flower, incline to present their edges north and south. It has to a great extent been killed out by cultivation but may sometimes be found along the railways where the fences have preserved the wild herbage.

It belongs to the composite family, the flower resembling the sunflower. The root leaves, which are curiously figured, show the peculiar tendency to take the north and south direction for their edges. Rosin-plant is a popular name because of a gum which exudes from the stem. Longfellow's *Evangeline* alludes to it thus:—

"See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert."

AYER, MASS., JAN. 8.

L. C.

An inward peace is paid
In measure just and true,
For every law obeyed,
And every good I do.

There's no music in a "rest" that I know of; but there's the making of music in it. And people are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and rarest, too.—*Ruskin*.

THE LITTLE UNITY.

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To some of our readers who do not stand very near the head of their classes, or whose monthly reports never show their names as No. 1, nor even 2 or 3, and yet who are faithful to work, and honestly self-reliant, we would say, that is nothing to be discouraged about. Every one cannot make a fine scholar. If you cannot be that, it does not prove you cannot be first-best at something else. Some writer says: "It is work more than schools that makes men; and who dares to be, can be." If the surroundings of your life are hard or unbeautiful, one or both, you will never be a failure so long as you are hard at work trying to make better, even that one little spot where your life is.

The story, in this number, about the boy and his wood-pile,—how by attending faithfully to only a small part of it at a time, the "monstrous pile" was soon removed,—is something more than a pleasant story to amuse you. You remember at the end he says he did not know, then, the full value of the lesson he had learned, but his intelligence had taken firm hold of it, and so it became part of himself, and went into daily use in his life. It will be just as helpful to you as it was to him.

The simple, plain sense of the lesson, was to hold his thought and action *in the present*. Not to let his imagination run ahead of him and put the whole load on his shoulders at once. His father and mother didn't expect him to do it instantly. It was his own imagination that was cruel to him, and not they. It was a load indeed, to sit and think about, without taking hold to lift it! It is only the present that we have in hand, and if we keep using it, our work will pass along before us like an instructive panorama, endlessly interesting. We shall not get anxious and over-tired, because we carry nothing but the work of the hour in our consciousness. Another little story holds the same lesson:

A lady had met with a serious accident, which necessitated a painful surgical operation, and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work, and was about taking leave, she asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer. The poor sufferer was comforted for the moment; and many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

"There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom. It rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise."—*Scribner*.

Be always at leisure to do good.

WHAT TO READ.

FOR GIRLS. By Mrs. E. R. Shepherd. Fowler & Wells, New York.

A book which we recommend to mothers, as a guide in teaching their daughters some special physiological facts. It is to be used after the child has studied the rudiments of anatomy and physiology, and when she is at the age of twelve or fourteen. Many mothers find themselves in need of such help, to give their children the right instruction, and in this little book can be found timely suggestions, a few explanatory diagrams, and those laws of health to body and mind which apply especially to young women, given with simple and earnest truthfulness.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

ELEN E. REXFORD.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,
As I went down the street,—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom-sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
Where in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff:
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful, and brave, and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on
When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will,—
A face with a promise in it
That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on.
I hold that this is true,—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts.
Since time and earth began!
And the boy who kissed his mother
Is every inch a man!

—Selected.

WILLIE'S FRIENDS.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

Who were Willie's friends? I think all who knew him were glad to be called his friends. Mama, Papa, Grandma, Grandpa, and aunt Josy, and Luly, these were all very true friends of the little boy's but not the friends of whom I shall tell you.

The great Newfoundland dog, whose name was Zembo,

was one of these friends; and Jenny the horse, who was tied with a long rope under the trees so that she could eat the grass and keep out of mischief, and who passed the most of her time playing pranks with the dog, was another of these friends; and then there were two big Shanghai chickens, Bob, and Margery his wife, and a little red rooster who must not be forgotten; and—now listen—there were sixteen black kitties,—yes, I have not made any mistake about the number of kittens, I have counted them many times. There were sixteen of them, and they were all as black as your papa's black hat. These must be counted with Willie's friends too; and we must not forget the old grandpa kitty Tiger, who left the young ones to look after the mice, while he lay in the rocking-chair on the cushion—and who was apt to be a little cross, if disturbed by any one but Willie.

From what I have told you of Willie's friends, I suspect you are thinking he must have lived on a farm, and so he did, and, as he had no brothers, or sisters, and no little neighbor boys or girls, with whom he could play, he made friends with everything around him.

Back of the house two large elm trees grew close together, making a nice shade. Between these trees there was a large square block of wood, lying on the ground, just the height to make a good seat for the little boy. Grandma brought the food for the breakfast, corn-meal mixed with water, for the little chickens, and oats and wheat, and shelled corn in a basket for the old ones, and an ear of corn not shelled. Willie would sit down on the block, Grandma would give him the ear of corn, and then the fun began. Here came Bob and his wife Margery, as fast as their long clumsy legs would carry them, crowding as close to the little boy as they could on one side, and with a gobble, gobble, gobble, came the big turkey, pushing up on the other side, the noisy geese and ducks running over his feet, and the little red rooster in his lap. Chickens on his little curly head, chickens on his shoulders, chickens everywhere—waiting, and not very patiently, for the little fingers to pick off the grains of corn, and very anxious to help when the corn did not come fast enough. The little red rooster was very greedy some times and wanted more than his share; then Willie would tuck the little red head under his arm, so that the rest could have a chance; and when the corn was all off the ear, Grandma would give the little boy the basket in which she had brought the rest of the food, and he would scatter it on the ground, and then the breakfast began in earnest.

When the poultry was fed, John would come along with the pails on his arms and a little pail in his hand for Willie and say "Now we are ready to milk the cows, and feed the kitties," and off they would go through the big gate into the barn-yard where the cows were waiting for their breakfast. But I assure you they did not go alone; for all the black kitties went hurrying along after them, eager for the milk which they knew they would get.

Now you see why Willie had so many friends and why the chickens would allow him to put them in his apron, and the kitties would not scratch him, and the dog and horse loved him. He loved and cared for them. Would you like as many friends as Willie? try his way of making friends and I think you will have them. God made the animals as well as the little children. He loves and cares for all and they should love each other, and I think they would if they were better acquainted.

AUNT ANNIE.

The Sunday School.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ISRAEL;

OR, EARLY BIBLE LESSONS.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11, 1883.

Subject.--Adventures in the Wilderness; or the Gathering of the Tribes.

PREPARATORY BIBLE READINGS.—Exodus xv.—xl.

I. Geography of the "Wilderness."

Contrast with Egypt. Its subsequent history and present inhabitants.

II. Was it a March, or a Sojourn.

What is the probable historic basis of the Story of the Hebrew Wanderings? The discipline and the growth.

III. Legends of Miracles.

1. Manna.—2. Quails.—3. Pillar of cloud and fire.—4. The brazen serpent.—5. Water from the rock.

IV. Persons.

1. Moses, the great leader (for next lesson).
2. Aaron, the eloquent priest. 3. Miriam, the singing sister. 5. Jethro, the father-in-law. 6. Hur, the brother-in-law. 7. Balaam, who was he? Where did he come from?

V. Home Study.

1. *The Song of Miriam.*

The noblest of the Hebrew odes.—J. H. Allen.

2. Keble's "*Song of the Manna Gatherers*" and its lessons.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18, 1883.

Subject.--Moses and the Code of the Priests.

I. The Bible Story.

1. Legends of his babyhood. 2. At the Egyptian court. 3. A shepherd. 4. The call. 5. The work.

II. Extra Biblical Traditions.

Mohammedans, Rabbinical, &c., &c.

III. Moses as known through Historical Criticism.

1. The founder of a nation. The teacher of Ethics and the Prophet of Religion.

IV. Critical Questions.

1. How much of "The Code" probably came from Moses? The influence of Egypt upon Moses and through him upon the Hebrew religion and people.

V. Truth in Myth and Miracle.

The Burning Bush. The Golden Calf. The Bitter Waters of Marah.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25, 1883.

Subject.--Canaan; or the Nomad and the Farmer.

I. The Wilderness; the Promised Land.

Their Geography and Physical Characteristics; their Soil, Climate and Products, compared and contrasted.

II. The Impulse toward Nationality.

As opposed to tribal or patriarchal exclusiveness and segregation; compare the Six Nations of New York.

III. The Example of Kindred Peoples.

Edomites, Moabites and Ammonites. Deuteronomy ii. 9 and 10.

IV. The Opportunity of Israel.

The call for assistance; compare the invitation to Hengist and Horsa. The first conquest. Numbers xxi. Sihon, King of Heshbon; Victory at Jahorz. The first occupation and settlement.

V. The Conquest.

1. The inadequacy of the area occupied; the irresistible impulse to conquest.—The reasons for the direction taken: following up a conquered foe; tempted by the dissensions of the enemy. Aided by the invasion of Rameses III.

2. The first essays made over Jordan. Joshua iv. Judges i.

(a). Judah and Simeon with Levi. Judges i. 19.

(b). Ephraim, Benjamin and the rest, except Reuben and Gad. Same, 22.

VI. The Permanent Settlement.

Incompleteness of the occupation. Full conquest gradual—taking centuries to accomplish. Likeness yet unlikeness to the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England.—The change wrought in the People. The Farmer succeeds the Nomad; A Record of real Social Progress.

VII. Home Reading.

Encyclopædia Britannica; Article Israel; Vol. 13, pages 396—401. Bible for Learners, chapters x-xiv. Toy's History of the Religion of Israel. Lesson V. Hall's First Lessons on the Bible. Lessons IX and XI.